

TIO



HYMAN 4 50¢



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 Truth about Smurfs
 What is Jello?
 Modern Rudeboys ?
 Freestyle Walking Conspiracy 2000
 A Punk Primer
 McScandal V2: Alien Resistance
 Skavoovie Beatnik Termites
 The Toasters
 GIRLS SUCK!
 Drinking Games and MORE MORE MORE

Notes from the head HiTMaN geek-Kniqole

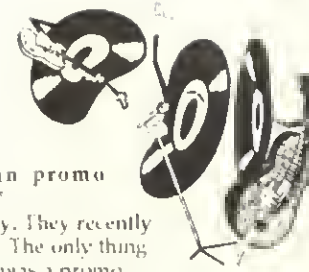
Ahoy. Thar issue that lies before ye is a wee bit old because thar editor hast no employment at this time und thee Office Max censored us. More about thar incident later.

PUNK & JUNK- People have seemed to come out more w/ criticism since issue 3...that's great. The first major one that I'd like to tackle is our making fun of punk. How can we preach about unity while poking fun at the expense of an essential part of our scene? ~~WE CAN DO IT BECAUSE IT'S FUCKIN HILARIOUS, THAT'S WHY!~~ Here's the jist of it- In the articles about punks we were targeting ignorance. Newbies are all good, but not if they don't take the time to find out about their politics and lifestyle before they throw them in everyone's faces. There's nothing wrong with someone who at least tries to educate themselves on subculture politics suck as Anarchy, squatting, etc that go hand in hand w/ punk, but a doped up pseudo gutterpunk who can't tell you what the 'creative' symbols on his pants mean doesn't really deserve the same respect that the first group does. By kicking it @ a bowling alley and bitching about the police getting angry when kids oink & loke up when they pass by doesn't really show any knowledge or dedication to revolution or making oneself heard as a minority in this country. Enough explanation? We'd like to publish everyone's views on eachother's politics, etc, but if no one sends in their opposing viewpoints, the zine comes out sounding one sided. You dig? This is not the split issue as expected. Hopefully there will be one soon with Dee Dees Kids, but alas the editor of that zine is indeed "a hunchback", so no promises. **THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE FOR INTERVIEWS W/ BANDS** (except for Slush Fund who will be the **ONLY** band featured next issue). Trying to step "out of the ordinary and into the extraordinary" (and yes I'm still as cheesy as your uncle Chester's antidotes). That's it.... I think....enjoy the issue
-Kniqole-

The Samurai and the Zen Master

A certain samurai had a reputation for impatient and hot tempered behavior. A Zen master well known for his excellent cooking decided that the warrior needed to be taught a lesson before he became any more dangerous. He invited the samurai to dinner. The samurai arrived at the appointed time. The Zen master told him to make himself comfortable while he finished preparing the food. A long time passed. The samurai waited impatiently. After a while, he called out "Zen Master, have you forgotten me?" The Zen master came out of the kitchen "I am very sorry he said "Dinner is taking longer to prepare than I had thought." He went back to the kitchen. A long time passed. The samurai sat, growing hungrier by the minute. At last he called out, a little softer this time "Zen Master, please. When will dinner be served?" The Zen master came out of the kitchen. "I'm sorry. There has been a further delay. It won't be much longer." He went back to the kitchen. A long time passed. Finally the samurai couldn't endure the waiting any longer. He rose to his feet, chagrined and ravenously hungry. Just then, the Zen master entered the room with a tray of food. First he served miso shiru (soybean soup). The samurai gratefully drank the soup, enchanted by its flavor. Oh, Zen Master, he exclaimed "this is the finest miso shiru I have ever tasted! You... deserve your reputation as an expert cook!" "It's nothing," replied the Zen master, modestly. "Only miso shiru." The samurai set down his empty bowl. "Truly magical soup!" "What secret spices did you use to bring out the flavor?" "Nothing special," the Zen master replied. "No no! In fact the soup is extraordinarily delicious!" "Well, there is one thing I knew it!" exclaimed the samurai, eagerly leaning forward. "There had to be something to make it taste so good! Tell me, what is it?" The Zen master softly spoke "It took time" he said

...and you



The Jumpstarts-some damn promo tape not a real one- *****

I enjoy the Jumpstarts thoroughly. They recently broke up I've heard, its a shame. The only thing wrong with this tape was that it was a promo tape meaning there were only two or three songs. fuck that, i want hours worth. The jumpstarts are quite talented. They are traditional sounding with beautiful female vocals shared with some guy. I would recommend anything you can get your hands on from them. They are featured on Roots, Branch and Stem.

Less Than Jake- that new promo tape *****

Less Than Jake=talented bruthas. Again i got the shall with a gimpy ass promo tape, but what should i expect, it's for promotion. (no do) anyway, this rocked a magicus, heavy hitting skapunk (more punk than ska) that leaves you craving more. Look for their new cd out on Capitol Rekkids.

The Toasters-Hard Band for Dead ***** (MOON)

I like the Toasters. I really really do. That's why my heart was heavy as i opened this cd. From all the talk about town, I'd expected the worst from their latest endeavor. Luckily i was mistaken. This was a really good album. The only song that i loathed after a sitting was Mouse. It was instrumental with some gimp saying MOOOOUSE every 7 seconds... ergh. The rest was great. Piano action. No matter what you hear, don't believe that the toasters are corporate sounding whatever. They're great

Skinnerbox NYC- Special Wild **

Again I'm feeling pangs of guilt that mister skinnerbox cd didn't get his fair share of time in mister cd player, but he just didn't catch my ear the first time around. It's really not a bad cd at all. Impressive cast, but the cd itself isn't anything to write home about. (STUBBORN)

Mr. Mirainga- **

Dang, I've tried pawning this cd off on every record store in the land but no one else wants either. The lead singer's voice just really doesn't yank my crank. One nice thing i can say about it- the inside artwork is fanta-sic. Other than that, i would not recommend this cd. Punk.

Magadogs- DUI-N-I ***** and a half (MOON)

The boys in magadogs are good looking. They play some fairly light traditional influenced horny type of ska. Again, not a cd that caught my ear. I suppose if you've seen this band live you might appreciate them more, but for now, i can't give this a top review, but they are good looking....

Hepcat- Scientific ****&3/4

Never have been a real big Hepcat fan... cringed a bit when i got this in the mail, but to my surprise i enjoyed this cd. In case you don't know what hepcat sounds like by now (hermit ass), they are really light. Traditional type. The guys' voice takes some getting used to though, so if you don't feel like adjusting, don't buy this. Very danceable, and as eeyore and brandon would say, good in "shag" to (?). (BYO)

The Hi Hats- Ska got soul ***

Dang this guys' voice really gives me the creeps. I'm not quite sure what it is, sounds like he should be a cheesy lounge singer. They play some slower traditional type ska. This cd didn't quite grab me either. Definitely does NOT whip any animal's ass with any sort of belt.

Closer than you- Vol. 1 Florida Ska **and three fourths

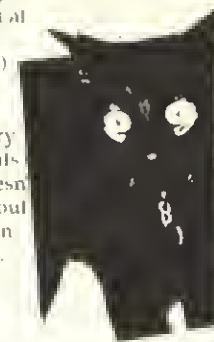
THIS CD LOOKS LIKE A BIG FAT ORANGE Dang, why didn't I know that there were this many bands in Florida when i lived there in fourth grade? I didn't really listen to this all that much...just didn't impress me. There are many bands, some of which I've heard are good. This cd- to get commended for one song in particular though- My Dog Pedro by the Pork Pie Tribe. Go buy this just for that. i liked it, it made me chuckle. see - har har THIS CD LOOKS LIKE A BIG FAT ORANGE (MOON)

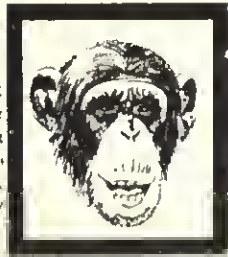
Mealticket- (pork n beans)

SORRY KIDS, but i did not enjoy this cd at all in the least. Mealticket is compiled of some really really cool people, unfortunately their music does not float my boat. I had hopes that this cd would be full of tracks like Brass Man off of the ska parade comp, but ney it's full of skapunk... so if you think you'd dig skapunk with girl vocals buy this..

Animal Chin-

This tape didn't really suck my wang either. Everyone on skagroups was posting things like "oh i love animal chin!" "animal chin roooooo doooo!" but, uh... no, not for me... sorry... it's skapunk so if you want to buy it, then alright go for it





Reviews by KIM ADAMS

It had to be done sometime. Don't get all these free cds for nothin'. Here it is, a collective review section of most of the things that I've gotten within the past months for free. Sorry it's so friggin' bny, i just don't want to waste space with these...

Scale:
*does not whup any sort of animal's ass
**might make good car music
***something erks me about it
****doesn't make me vomit(thats a good thing)
*****a little better than your mom in the sac
*****this really rocks it out

Roots branch and stem-living tradition in sl *****
I LIKE THIS VERY MUCH. Almost all of these songs are incredibly catchy and have a very nice traditional air to 'em. On here you'll find some songs that you've already heard, but re-recorded, now they sound fantastic. I listened to this all the way through for a week or two, but after that i had to pass by the first song by Kim Stevenson and the Echus. There seem to be quite a few religious tunes on here, but still they rock it out. supertones schmupertones, they ain't got nothin' on Noel & The Arks. (STUBBORN)

Mr T Experience- Love is Dead *****

(exception to the rule of only reviewing things for free) I am fully and completely in love with every inch and minute of this album. Scootch over gadgets, slackers, and pretasters, there's a new sheriff in town. I couldn't help but put this cd in. After seeing MTX a few months ago, i went home to listen to the cd again and it has not left me since. Poppy. Catchy. Pansy. This will grow on you like fungus. there's a fungus amongus he's a real lungi hadumbum (LOOKOUT)

The Bluebeats-Dance With Me*****
i took to this very well from the first sitting. "within, you will find a fresh take on authentic Jamaican rocksteady, ska and early reggae-all with a twist of soul." I would recommend this highly. With songs like The Fits Is On Me and Don't Get Crazy, you can't go wrong. (MOON)

The Trojans-Trojan Warriors: for your r protection, the best of the Trojans****

Guilty that i haven't taken the time to listen to this more. Kind of slow kind of sort of almost traditional sounding stuff. It's good, but didn't whip any pony's ass with a belt. (MOON)



Laurel Aitkin-The Blue Beat Years ***** Rocks a magical. Laurel Aitkin is and always will be the King of Bluebeat and the Godfather of Ska. You really can't argue with the bits. If he's lasted this long, i don't think i would be out of line saying that you would benefit from purchasing a Laurel Aitkin album. The only song that caused me to go into violent spasms was Sahara. Blech, i did not like it in a boat i did not like it with a goat i do think this song should be damned, i hated Sahara sam i am. (other than that this cd's a winner)(MOON)

Slapstick-LOOK!! *****
I'd always wondered why everyone was always like "Oooh slapstick ooh ooh ooh!!!" I'd heard their stuff, but nothing too special. Got the cd from Asian man records, didn't listen to it too much, lent it out. Saw a phat guy from school w/ the shirt, decided to take another listen. Nice, very very nice. my mother says "that's horrible" much like the children on the front cover. More punk than ska. punk with horns. good punk though. worth a couple clams. Listen to this in the morning when you're getting dressed, sing along very loud! Most of the songs sound the same- be warned. (DILL?)

Nuclear Family- Ripped Off! *****
Very glad that I weaseled this cd off of Nuclear Family. You really need to appreciate poppy punk to like this though, so if you're a hardcore rocker then you might want to steer clear of Nuclear Family. They are very energetic and "youthful". I heard a rumor around town that they got signed by Lookout!, it's not true but almost believable. In mean eyes if i got suckered into believing it then perhaps that means they're pretty good. (MAMMOTH)

Step On It- the best of THE SKA PARADE *** & ****
Nice nice nice. you have your mix of traditional and third wave here. A very fine selection from some very swinging bands such as LGB, Jump W/ Joey, Sublime, Voodoo Glow Skulls. See Spot, Skankin' pickle, the skeletons, rotand alphonso, mealticket, and OH SO MANY MORE. With guest spots from Mr T and the jerky boys you just can't go wrong here. This would make a great car tape.

Skank Down Under ***+1/2**
G'day mate, The dingu ate yo baby. Boxing kangaroos, Boomerangs, what's better than people who can speak of these things with integrity? NUTHING BABY, NUTHIN AT ALL. I could have lived without some tracks from this cd, but overall nothing too vomitous. Bands such as The Porkers, Dr Raju, The Offbeats and more. One of my personal favorite bands on here was Skazoo. C'mon, you probably haven't heard much of these bands, why not take a chance. If not you can trade it in for a koala or something...

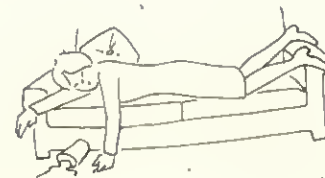


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NOTICES:
HiTMan is no longer at GrooveFarm.

RETRACTION:
HiTMan no longer stands behind Dave Brown's "Why It's Cool To Be A Skinhead" from issue 3. I really wish I'd never even printed it.. Bad judgment call. My bad.



The Smurfs=Homosexual Communists

Please remember, if you will, a few years back when in existence was a certain cartoon show called the Smurfs. Also remember that while it aired, certain groups were opposed to it. Among these were many reactionary, right wing religious leaders who claimed the Smurfs were Satanist, citing their use of wizardry and Papa Smurf's attire as primary examples.

Well, one can obviously see the flaw--no sacrifices. Not even symbolic ones. This is why, my fellow former Smurf watching children, I have an alternative to the origins of the Smurfs. It is quite clear to me (and to man yother, I might add) that the Smurfs were homosexual Communists.

"How can this be?"

"You've shattered my childhood."

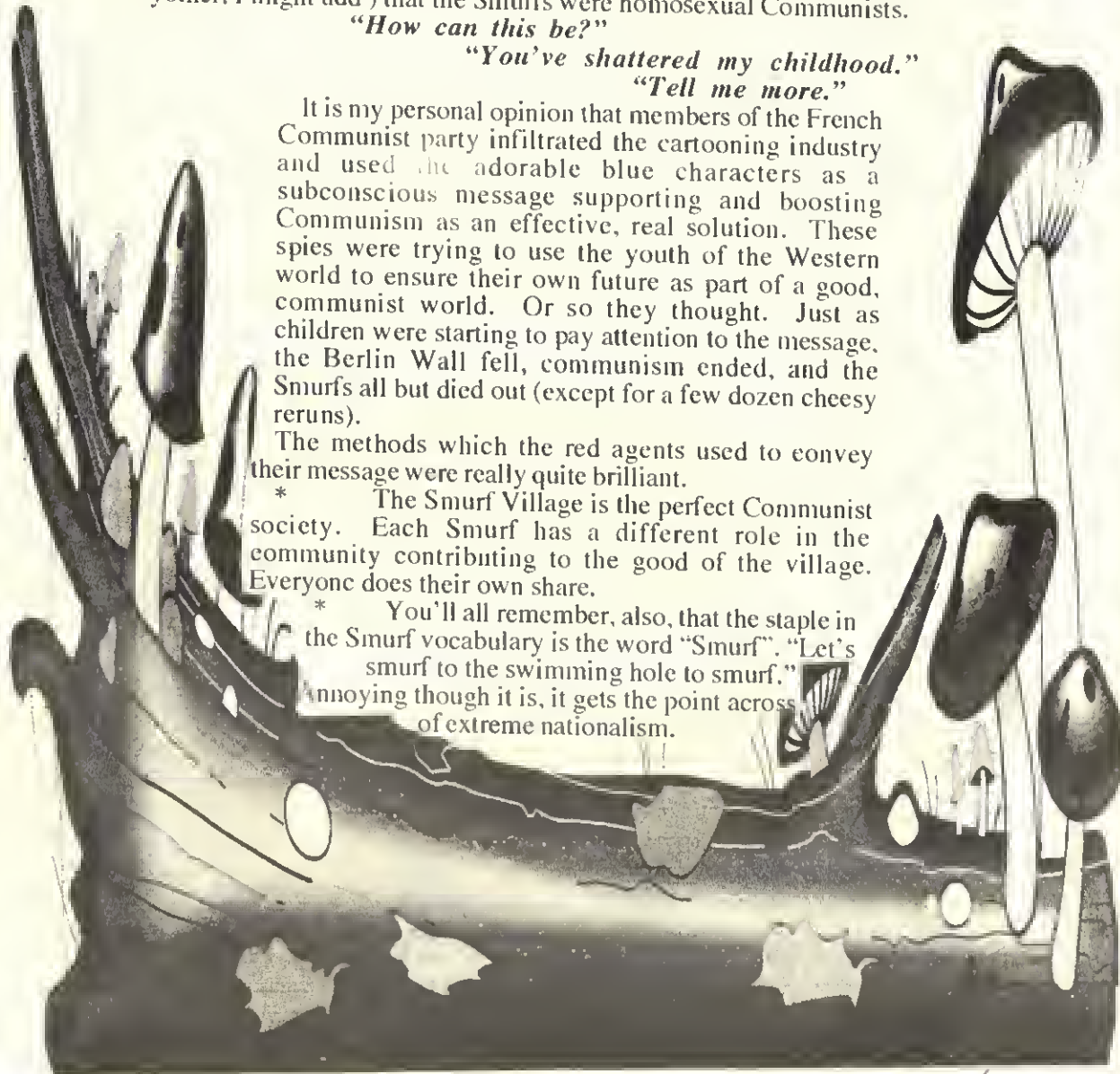
"Tell me more."

It is my personal opinion that members of the French Communist party infiltrated the cartooning industry and used the adorable blue characters as a subconscious message supporting and boosting Communism as an effective, real solution. These spies were trying to use the youth of the Western world to ensure their own future as part of a good, communist world. Or so they thought. Just as children were starting to pay attention to the message, the Berlin Wall fell, communism ended, and the Smurfs all but died out (except for a few dozen cheesy reruns).

The methods which the red agents used to convey their message were really quite brilliant.

* The Smurf Village is the perfect Communist society. Each Smurf has a different role in the community contributing to the good of the village. Everyone does their own share.

* You'll all remember, also, that the staple in the Smurf vocabulary is the word "Smurf". "Let's smurf to the swimming hole to smurf." Annoying though it is, it gets the point across of extreme nationalism.



A BRIEF INTERVIEW WITH PAT, GUITAR/SINGER OF THE BEATNIK TERMITES

done by mail, mildly amusing....

1. Who's your favorite chipmunk?

Joey

2. What is your opinion of clowns?

They should all be like Homey the Clown

3. What makes you want to projectile vomit?

Public toilets that don't flush

4. Were you pansies in high school? Did you get beat up?

We hated jocks, preppies, white trash, etc. We avoided fights whenever we could, but sometimes it was inevitable.

5. Do you get girls?

That's a myth. Being in a punk band will not get you girls.

6. Do you have day jobs?

Me-computer programmer, Reggie-polymer engineer

7. Who would win in a fight? Fabio or David Hasselhoff?

I've never seen David Hasselhoff.

8. Mr T has cancer. What are your thoughts on this?

Bummer dude! I wonder if MTX will be bummed.

9. If you had to wear one t-shirt w/ 3 words on it what would these words be and why.

Gabba Gabba Hey! Because the Ramones are the coolest.

10. If you had to be thrown in a pit of animals, what would they be?

Kittens. I love cats.

11. Final comments

Ramonliness is next to Godliness!

THE BEATNIK TERMITES NOW HAVE A LIVE CD OUT-LIVE AT THE ORIFICE.



BEATNIK TERMITES
P.O. Box 06121
Cleveland, Ohio 44106



Papa Chubby-who do you guys feel about leather? my being an animal rights activist and all, I'm just curious-are you for or against the exploitation of animals for human pleasure?
E-oh I'm definitely for that

H-aliens-pro or con. meaning-are you for people being like "hey I'm going to wear aliens on my shirt and it'd be cool if aliens abducted me and gave me anal probes"

L-I think american's thing with aliens and angels and born agains and all that-total there's more out there crap so I can feel better is total bullshit.

A-we're for aliens

Eu-I think if aliens landed on earth, they'd get addicted to Gold Schlager and McDonalds-and it wouldn't be a problem

L-I don't neccesarly say that aliens don't exist, it's just the mass media craze

someone-fuck Hard Copy

H-do you guys eat at Subway?

E-all the time

H-what do you guys eat there?

E-I always get the subway club with everything cept for olives and hots
J-tuna on white bread w/ lettuce tomato and hots

A-I usually get a turkey or roast beef sub-but I find in these hard economic times, it's useful to get a cold cut trio

Eu-I get italian-largeE-with lots of oil and lots of vinegar.. and leather, we eat it with lots of leather

H-never eat seafood and crab

E-why?

H-if you had to make it and smell it you'd know why

J-yeah, well the nastiest thing is the steak and cheese sub-I love steak and cheese subs-and they were like "COMIN RIGHT UP!" and they take out that little plastic cup and dump it on the bread and it waas soooo gross-it was the worst steak and cheese I think I've ever had. terrible

H-if you were trapped in a room with Noah and a stick of butter and you couldn't get out for 2 days, what would you do?

J-Noah? I'd have a good conversation, I wouldn't go insane

E-actually we'd make it pretty fun-we'd spread the butter all over the walls and slide around

H-yeah, bucket said he'd tunnel out

Eu-That's avoiding the question!

J-I think he kind of wiggled out of that one

E-bucket's just that kind of guy

* Papa Smurf is the obvious head of state. His facial hair and red clothes put him a step above, yet he still does his share and treats all of the Smurf equal to himself. THIS is the near perfect Communist society. Plus, he's better because he knows magic.

* Brainy Smurf is the model comrade. He upholds the ideals of the head of state for all to hear, "As Papa Smurf ALWAYS says..."

* And then there's Lazy Smurf, who is not a good communist buy always falling asleep and not doing his share of the work.

* Now-these Smurfs are obviously gay because there are 100 males and one, yes, one female. Why are there not fights? Also--there are frequently seen "extremist" pairs of homosexual men. For example, the effeminate Vanity was doing Hefty, butch bully boy though he is. There's also the little matter of Handy, who must have enjoyed playing with his own tools the best.

* On the matter of Smurfette...who in the hell was she? Do remember--Smurfette was the creation of Gargamel, sent to corrupt the all-male Smurf population. However, the village did not self-destruct for already stated reasons, and they converted Smurfette. After that, they were ALL much happier.

* Speaking of Gargamel...he and Azriel's presence goes back to the underlying principles of Communism. They represent "evil" arm of Capitalism, trying always to capture the innocent blue things. All for the purpose of making them into gold.

About this time, you might be wondering about the character additions to the show throughout the cartoon's life. These new Smurfs were also ingeniously thought out and used to warp the subconscious minds of the children, namely-us.

* Gramps was an example of how a person, once to work for the state, would be cared for by his fellow comrades.

* The Smurflings, too, were an example of how one would be taken care of, regardless of age. Sassette was the token female. A dyke, but still a female.

* Baby Smurf was special. He, like Papa (to an extent), had magical powers. Being able to levitate oneself is a cool party trick, no? Baby represent the next generation. He is the vision of the successful fulfillment of the final stage of the revolution. This would mean perfection of their way of life and abolishment of ALL class separation. Oh, no--Papa's gonna have to shave. Poor thing.

There you have it. Take it or leave it. I don't give a fuck. Oh, another thing--I think the editors were ex-hippies who were really strung out and loved hallucinogenics. The Greanch agents, papers reveal, had the original Smurfs living in small, identical boxes. Kind of like condos. Now, the editors thought this to be much too serious a cartoon. So one night, while enjoying a particularly good trip and a woolah, the editors decided to have the Smurfs live in giant 'shrooms. Groovy. Plus, the best ones are blue. Yum.

Love, peace, Smurfdom..The Skilled, trained, certified professional pretending to give a fuck (guest writer_)

"That's when the monkey started to signify..."

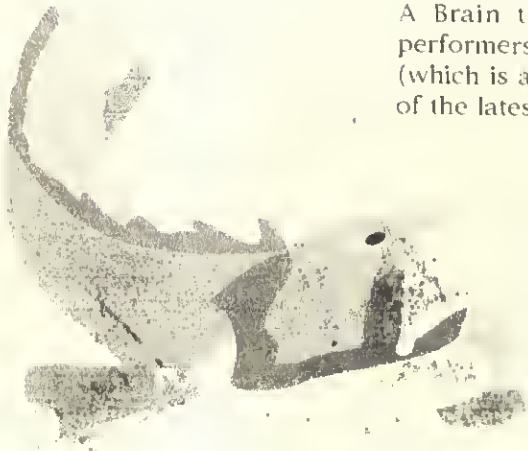
For anyone who thought that the last couple of titles Fishbone used for their albums were creative (Give a Monkey a Brain and He'll Swear He's the Center of the Universe, and Chim Chim's Badass Revenge)-chances are, you don't know the half of it! It appears they know their heritage a little bit better than one might think. With songs like Slow Bus Movin' and various others, Fishbone has paid homage to their black heritage. But nowhere is this more prevalent than in these titles, and yet it is perhaps the most unnoticed.

The use of a monkey character to represent the black man dates back to the days of American slavery, and it is one which has become a focus of the band. Through out the 19th century a practice of story telling known as "Signifying the Monkey" grew. The most popular story to evolve from this involved three characters: a monkey, a lion, and an elephant. It was also brought to mass attention by Cab Calloway in the 1930's as he sang about it.

The story begins with the monkey, a sort of prankster character, telling the lion (the proverbial King of the Jungle) that the elephant has been mocking the lion behind his back (which is untrue). The lion then, in an attempt to assert himself, picks a fight with the unsuspecting elephant-who in turn humiliates the lion. Having humiliated the lion, the monkey's own oppressor, the monkey has empowered himself (this is the cusp of signifying).

The roles in the story are fairly obvious: the oppressor, and the oppressed. Originally, the use of these characters was a means for slaves to mock their masters in such a way that whites would assume the stories were gibberish. In later days, much of the purpose remained the same, but the stories took on new forms.

Many times, the monkey character would be used to point out the faults in the black American community (as in the Give a Monkey A Brain title). In this century, some city performers create tales of the monkey as a pimp (which is also an illustration on the back cover of the latest Fishbone album).



H-What's your opinion of clowns

E-I like their hairstyle, if I could have their hairstyle

J-I like the devil may care attitude of clowns, but I think I wouldn't wanna

be one

A-clowns are just nasty, stay away from 'em

Eu-I think John WANTS to be a clown

H-describe the band in one word-music, members, everything.

E-I think fun

Eu-Gold Schlagericious

H-what's your favorite way to eat potatoes

(I think I might've started to mix up who said what around now, so forgive me)

J-hashbrowns, no question

E-I think I'd have to say, what is that where they put the peppers and the

onions? O'Brien potatoes

Eu-fire roasted potatoes....boiled

H-who would you say is the sexiest member of your band?

J-Dan Lanagan(?), our manager

Eu-ask him to talk for you. he'll read you some poetry after the interview

H-what's the worst place you've ever played-and I need any funny/scary story to accompany it

J-Club 3, club 3 definitely. I was the only horn who showed up- IT

SUCKED-and after we played we went up to the owner to get paid and he said (new york accent)"you tink you deserve ta get paid!?" that was my

most terrible gig.

H-any terrible places you've had to stay..., like a gutter with maggots or anything like that...?

E-oh that's every night





This interview was conducted wit Skavoovie and dem Epitones whenever it was that they came to the Daily Grind... H=HITMaN

H-Okay, I need your names, what you do in the band, etc..

E-Okay, I'm Eric and I'm sick.

J-He normally plays trumpet. I'm John and I'm saxophone.

A -My name's Ans, and I do the vocal stuff

E-I'm Eugene, and I like to play keyboards

H-What best sums up your childhood images of satan-Guy Smiley, Gargamel, the Jolly Green Giant, Bozo the Clown, or other?

E-Spasic puppy dogs...the like, bite me

Everyone else-Gargamel

Karen-What are your thoughts on the recent development of Mr T and his cancer?

E-I don't believe it

J-I just saw the movie Spy Hard, featuring Mr T-it was the worst movie I've ever seen-but I feel bad for the guy

E-you looking' mighty fine in those jeans boy. I feel very sorry for MrT

Karen-I'm sorry, you're all wrong. I believe the correct answer is-I pity the fool who has cancer. thank you

H-What are your major fashion influences?

E-John Nachez, definitely

J-Wha...??? Major What influences? Fashion? Oh goshhh.. I have no fashion. I'm really-I'm definitely the worst dressed member..

E (or a..)-football player on his day off

A-tableclothes

Eu-This is regarding the mister 1 question-bob dole said that cancer isn't actually addictive, or dangerous and like, Mr t's cool-so I wouldn't worry about him

H-If you could have one tshirt that you had to wear everyday, all day, with only 3 words on it-what would they be?

J-Okay, my mom does a lot of work in Cuba, so she always brings me back

tshirts, and they always say-"Hasta le Victoria siempre" that's four words

H-and this means.....?

J-it means like, always chase victory

E-I don't have one. I never wear shirts with words on 'em, so..

Eu-Gold Schlager Rocks Yo

So where does this come back to Fishbone?The components are rather apparent, but I've been disappointed that I haven't heard an official word from Fishbone on the use of signifying. After years under a restrictive contract with Columbia Records, the band seems to have used this latest album as a release. In many places, lyrics mock their former record label and in a sense help to "signify" the band. While in certain places (the second prologue) Angelo comes out and states that the band represents Chim Chim (the name being a reference to the monkey of the cartoon show Speed Racer) and their struggle of being oppressed by the record label.

One of the questions which arises, however, is how healthy the practice is. Although in many ways harmless, signifying is dependent upon trying to humiliate someone who holds power over you for the building up of one's self. But while the monkey may get away in the end of each story, he never loses his title as "the monkey." As with Fishbone, the band may have escaped the oppression of their former label; but by trying to assert themselves, the album has taken on (in many places at least) a much darker outlook than what they were formerly able to maintain. It doesn't seem to appear that they have risen to glory over their former state, but rather are forced to dwell on it.

It wiggles and jiggles, but what is it?

WORURN, Mass. (AP) — A few years ago, a lobbyist offered to help state Rep. Carol Donovan visit the big, four-story, smokestacked factory of Houto V3, a few miles north of Boston.

But when Donovan appeared as scheduled, also, he told this would not be given a tour. All she saw was the inside of a white room.

"If there's nothing going on, why are they so protective and why are they keeping me out?" she asked. "It makes me suspicious of what's going on."

What is going on is not nuclear fusion or top-secret weaponry.

What's going on is Jell-O.

For the last 75 years, at the Atlantic Gelatin Plant in Woburn, workers have been making the stuff that wiggles, jiggles and jiggles the stuff of America's Jell-O molded, jelly-O books.

Here in a plant that often emits odors — some pleasant, others very unpleasant — they make Jell-O. Just don't ask to see how.

State Rep. Paul Cough, a Democrat who represents the neighboring towns of Woburn and Stoneham, was invited several years ago into a conference room to speak with factory officials — but the small room was so far as he got.

Repeated requests for a plant tour by The Associated Press were refused.

"We generally don't give tours of the plant to anybody because what goes on in our plants we consider proprietary," said Nancy Daigler, spokeswoman for Kraft Foods (Atlantic is a division of Kraft, which is a subsidiary of Philip Morris, the food and tobacco conglomerate).

Daigler later accused a reporter who tried to visit the factory of trying to "sneak into the plant" behind one of the many trucks that pass through the factory's gates.

Animal rendering is at the heart of the Jell-O manufacturing process. And for years now, some residents of the stable, working and middle-class communities near the plant have been complaining that Atlantic Gelatin stinks up the neighborhood.

Gelatin is made from the hide trimmings of cows and pigs, not from their horns, hooves or meat.

First, the skins are washed and bathed in hot water to remove the collagen. Once

extracted, the collagen is soaked, filtered and purified, converting the collagen to gelatin, said Kraft spokeswoman Cathy Pernu.

The gelatin extract is then evaporated and dried, and sent along with flavored powders to Dover, Del., and San Leandro, Calif., for packaging.

As the hides are washed in large 70-foot vats, bits of fat, hair and skin come off into the water, said Mary Peraty, an environmental analyst with the state Department of Environmental Protection and one of the few outsiders who has seen the inside of the plant.

"The water's dirty and smells like dead animals," she said.

The plant does not emit odors all the time, she said, and when it does, the smell is more likely to be of the truly variety.

But sometimes, she said, especially when the weather is warm, the water in the vats goes septic, sending a rotting smell through the surrounding hills.

Just ask Carolyn Thorne, who lives about a mile from the factory, downwind. Thorne, 33, grew up on Jell-O. But she doesn't eat it anymore.

For the last decade, Thorne has complained too often to count — to Atlantic Gelatin, to the health department, to the DEP — about the odors.

She objects to the sweet smells, but the stink of rotting is worse: "It's like if you leave a piece of fat out in the sun too long."

After years of complaints, the DEP issued a 1992 order of compliance that forced Atlantic Gelatin to change some of its operating procedures.

Kraft's spokeswoman, Pernu, said the plant, which employs about 270 people, spent in the "millions" to address the problems. "We're doing everything we can to make sure we're a good neighbor," she said.

Pernu admitted that the odors still are problematic. But she agreed that Atlantic Gelatin has worked hard to comply with regulations.

And not everyone is disgruntled. Don Sweeney, who has lived in Woburn for about half his 82 years, lives just a short walk from the plant. He said he likes the truly smells that reach his home.

"I think it's like having a deodorizer for the whole neighborhood," he said.



The Associated Press
In Woburn, Mass., steam rises from the Atlantic Gelatin plant, which is considered one of the area's most secret places. The secret is the recipe for Jell-O.

BWARE:
YOUR HORMONES AND TASTE BUDS MAY BE CONNECTED
not simply a theory but indeed a fact

Just the other day I was at Wild Oats- a health food store- stocking up on my chow in preparation for this winter's hibernation. Wanting something quick and easy, I stopped by the a la carte counter (where they have the potato and pasta salad kind of stuff that you can get in various sized tubs) where I asked the man if I could sample some of the Garlic Tofu he was peddling. (Once I went in there to sample some peanut tofu and the schmo behind the counter got his head caught in the display case- an amusing sight for all. I digress...) It tasted a little worse than a camel's ass so I didn't get any and was scanning for something better when another *cute* guy appeared behind the counter. "Well personally, I like the Sea and Earth Salad. It's sort of an acquired taste though, you have to like sea vegetables. Would you like to try some of that?" OH WOULDD I!! Of course the response on my part was "the hee, okay.." (okay so maybe I AM exaggerating just a LITTLE to make my point..). So I tried it and for the moment the Sea and Earth Salad tasted GREAT. I purchased roughly forty pounds of the stuff. I got home and dig in only to go "BLLARRRRGGHHHH!!!!" It tastes just like it sounds and looks- Like the sea. Like a bunch of weird- ass- black-stringy-bottom-of- some-sea-bound-plankton-aspirate-ship-hanus-booby-narly-"sea vegetables".

Thus proves my theory
 As with all of my rantings and ravings I lend some advise to you, dear reader:
DO NOT IN YOUR WHOLE ENTIRE LIFE EVER EVER EVER LET YOUR HORMONES GET THE BEST OF YOUR TASTE BUDS. If you're in a restaurant (or store as it may be) do not get any food with the recommendation of a pretty face. Say "Could I please have that peg-legged Frogenal child/man with a cleft lip wait on me?". It's the only way your taste buds will ever get a fair shake.

Now available from MAIN SQUEEZE RECORDS
 The Loudmouths & Sex Offenders 7"
 Send \$ to: PO Box 45411.KCMO.64171
 Attn: main squeeze.

checksto: Brandon Brown



a chat with BUCKET of THE TOASTERS

H- Let's start with the basics (as if you all don't know this already), state your name, position in the band, and band story according to you.

B-This is Buck, of the Toasters, I try to play guitar,sometimes I sing too. We've been doing this for about 15 years. It's been so long I hardly remember anything except, well, we're playing tomorrow, which is in St Louis.

H-Do you always stick to the same set? Numerous people have come up to me and said 'I don't need to see the Toasters,they always play the same stuff, blah blah blah..'

B-No. Well, like you saw we played tons of stuff off the new record today, so that just makes them dead wrong, doesn't it?

H-What ska band can you live without?

B-What ska band can I live without? I could live without the Dance Hall Crashers.As a matter of fact, I am living without them. And I love it.

H-What do you think, and/or say when people rag on bands like the Pietasters, and say things like "They're sexist, blah blah blah."

B-I think people should make up their mind what they like. If you like it, go see it. If you don't like it, don't go see it;Because everyone's different, and if we all said the same thing and wore the same clothes and marched the same way- we'd be in the fucking army. People should chill out.

H-If you were locked in a room with Noah and a pack of American Cheese for 3 days, what would you do?

B-I'd tunnel through the floor and escape.

H-You can't escape, that's not fair- Err... alright What kind of person do you respect?

B-I respect people who have their points of view and stick to it. I respect people who don't talk shit behind other people's backs. And I respect people who do it instead of just talking about it.

H-Who's the sexiest Toaster?

B-The sexiest Toaster? That would have to be Sexual Chocolate Sledge.

H-What's your opinion of clowns?

B-My opinion of clowns? They make me laugh. They serve their purpose.

H-When I asked Sammy of the Scofflaws this, he yelled at me, but I'll ask again anyway what's your favorite kind of cheese?

B-Ijakids!jkasjd. it's French. It smells like pee pee. Tastes better than it smells.

H-What are the age ranges of the toasters?

B-The youngest one's about 27, and I'm around 306. Actually Lester's older than me...

H-What happened to Coolie?

B-Coolie's off doing his own thing-which is cool-and now we have Jack Griffey Jr. which rocks.

H-What's the worst thing you've ever seen happen at a ska show?
B-A guy jumped off his stage, split his head open on the floor. People not paying attention.

H-D'oh! What's scarier-sharks or alligators?

B-Well, I've never really seen an alligator so I'd have to say a shark.Hippopotamus is far scarier, but...

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



Pledge allegiance to the Resistance.
Say NO to deceptive alien entities.
For FREE stickers send self-addressed stamped
envelope to:
V2, Box 911, Stanwood, WA 98292.
Fear not.
Spread the Word.
<http://www.olywa.net/V2/V2.html>

6. Do you think that the grays or any other species will try and invade earth? If so, would that be in the near future or longer and if they were to do that, what exactly do you think they would do? Would it be to get our natural resources and destroy like we saw in Independence Day, or would they be more into living amongst us in peace?

-The Groys have already invoded our psyches. They have given no indication, judging from their behavior toward us, that they are coming in peace. Rother, the encounters are completely one-sided. These oliens demonstrote continuous species- orrogant and abusive conduct. I believe the phenomenon to be less about who gets our planet's precious resources and more about spiritual warfare; a bottle over precious internal human resources. It's as if they were mining our very souls: Grays versus groce.

7. Do most of the stories that you hear from alien abductees "mesh", so to speak? Do facts coincide to make you believe that it is the grays and they are in fact doing these things? (stories such as triangle markings behind the ears and such. Also, isn't it true that the strain on your brain from seeing these life forms so great that it could cause a person to hallucinate?)

-There are many different stories and many similar stories. It's important to realize that regardless, something is going on. To expound on your question, I quote futurist and UFO investigator Michael Lindemann: The inescapable profundity of the alien presence has become a source of social pathology in our time. As a culture, we have not yet learned how to tell the truth about something so huge, so strange, and so unexpected. Individuals who make an honest effort to deal with it often discover that their personal stability is at risk. Consequently, the alien presence requires us all to grow, to become stronger and clearer, and to help one another to find our way in a genuinely new world.

8. Can you go into greater detail of your connections of religious sightings and aliens? Miracles, visions, etc...?

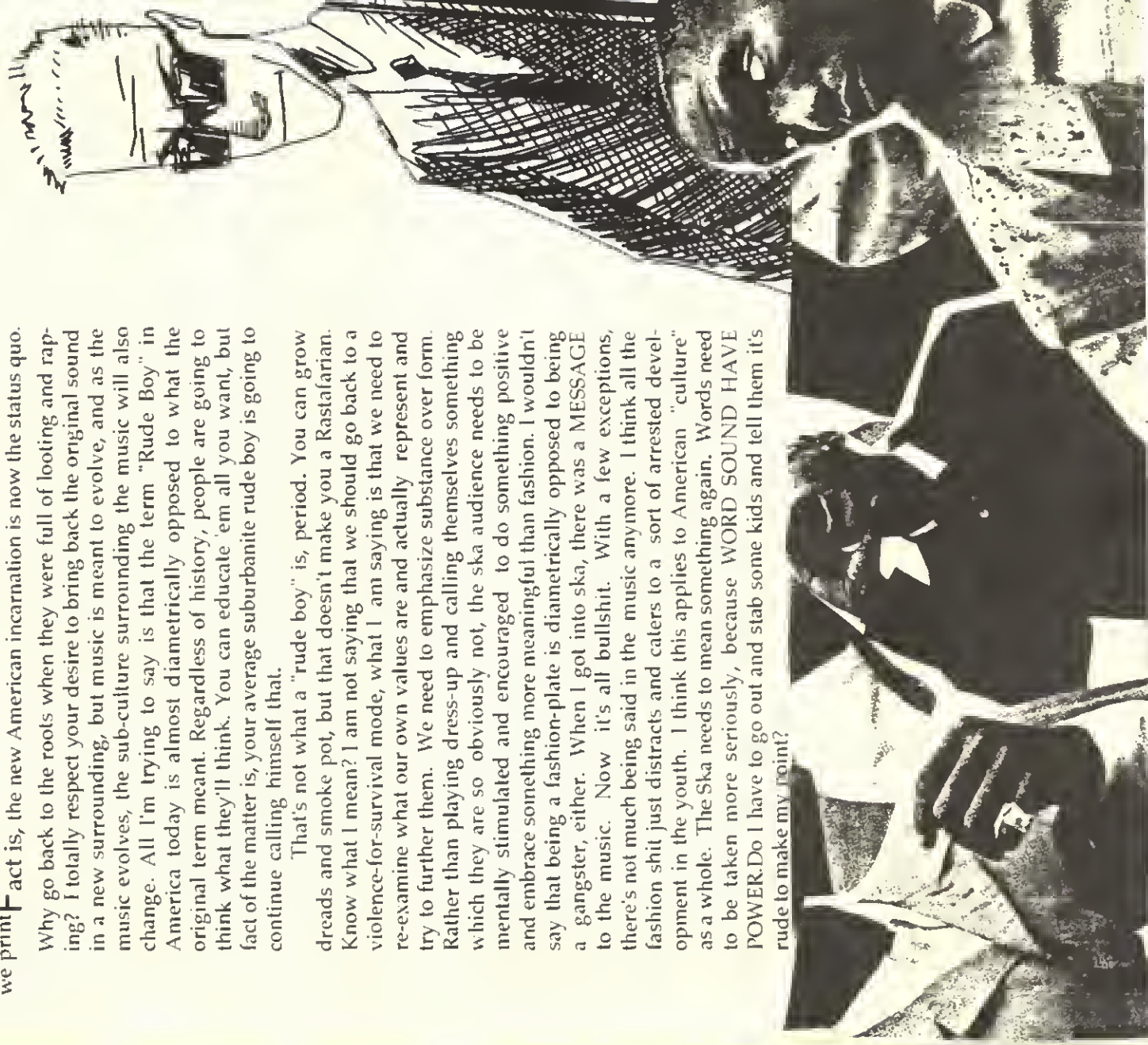
-Scientist, psychologists and theologians are beginning to listen to each other and this is miraculous in of itself. The unfolding of truth will be realized from the merging of these otherwise diverse mind sets. Manifestations of phenomena are all connected in some way, both the darker aspects and the light. Our biggest job is to discern who's who in the new paradigm. Ultimately the most important question to address is, who are we?

Modern Rudeboys: Do they exist?

One minute you call yourself a rudie, and the next you're doubling if there even is such a thing in today's day and age. Here's an opinion that I think makes a hell of a lot of sense by Jeff Baker. I have not yet found a counter opinion to change my views, so for now this is what we print **F**act is, the new American incarnation is now the status quo.

Why go back to the roots when they were full of looting and raping? I totally respect your desire to bring back the original sound in a new surrounding, but music is meant to evolve, and as the music evolves, the sub-culture surrounding the music will also change. All I'm trying to say is that the term "Rude Boy" in America today is almost diametrically opposed to what the original term meant. Regardless of history, people are going to think what they'll think. You can educate 'em all you want, but fact of the matter is, your average suburbanite rude boy is going to continue calling himself that.

That's not what a "rude boy" is, period. You can grow dreads and smoke pot, but that doesn't make you a Rastafarian. Know what I mean? I am not saying that we should go back to a violence-for-survival mode, what I am saying is that we need to re-examine what our own values are and actually represent and try to further them. We need to emphasize substance over form. Rather than playing dress-up and calling themselves something which they are so obviously not, the ska audience needs to be mentally stimulated and encouraged to do something positive and embrace something more meaningful than fashion. I wouldn't say that being a fashion-plate is diametrically opposed to being a gangster, either. When I got into ska, there was a MESSAGE to the music. Now it's all bullshit. With a few exceptions, there's not much being said in the music anymore. I think all the fashion shit just distracts and caters to a sort of arrested development in the youth. I think this applies to American "culture" as a whole. The Ska needs to mean something again. Words need to be taken more seriously, because **WORD SOUND HAVE POWER**. Do I have to go out and stab some kids and tell them it's rude to make my point?



Bob Ross is alive and well.

It's true. On a recent visit to the city of Zatec, Czech Republic, a friend of mine dragged me to school with him. I thought it would be boring, but maybe I could mack up on some of the hot Czechoslovakian Czicks. Little did I know that I would make the discovery of a lifetime.

I was asked by an English teacher if I would be willing to assist in teaching the language. Being a benevolent guy, I agreed. They invited me to tell about my life in the United States and my opinions on Czech beer, music bands, Kurt Cobain, drugs, etc. This was alright, but then the other English teacher approached me for the same reason. He was a tall, lanky guy, giant beard and a great smile. He spoke fluent English, though he used some odd idioms. In the middle of the first class, I realized, "THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE BOB ROSS". Amazed at Pavel Kovac (that was his claimed name), I shouted "Bob" in the hallway, and was no surprise when he turned and looked. In the second class, he asked me to assist in teaching the use of words like blow, go, take, etc.-- especially the uses such as "blow up", "go crazy", or "take off, loser" --where the verb in context was different than its usual meaning. I used the example of the boy who "went up the nice little tree, over here on the side of the school". He gave me a disappointed glare and when going in front of the class, Kovac said that not all the nice little trees were happy being climbed, and that sometimes their fame for being good climbing trees made them unhappy and they just had to be uprooted and taken to another field so that they could enjoy life again. The class was confused, but it had become all too apparent to me. BOB ROSS IS ALIVE AND WELL. JUST SICK OF THE EXPLOITIVENESS OF THE USA! Now, editor Kinigole knows me and knows that I'm an honest guy, so please believe when I tell you this. While I'm expecting a picture of him soon, I haven't gotten it yet. Nevertheless, she knows that I would not make up such a serious thing, and that it is all true. BOB ROSS IS ALIVE, AND I FOR ONE AM GOING BACK TO VISIT HIM SOON!-Jason Brannen

3. Where do you stand on more recent movies about aliens such as Fire In the Sky and Independence Day? Do you feel that they depict reality or fiction? Obviously ID4 isn't reality (at least in the present), but is it realistic in your view? Do these movies help or hinder the public's view of alien life in your opinion?

-The most interesting observation about more recent movies has been the obvious change in sentiment. Consider Close Encounters of the Third Kind and ET, both of which presented us with harmless alien friends. That was the 80's. In the ominous 90's we find Fire In the Sky, Roswell, The Arrival and Independence Day. Though the Resistance practices caution against prejudices, hatred or panic, one must sense an element or truth here. Are we being acclimated to lessen the shock of an emerging reality? I believe there is cause for concern. The glitz of Hollywood aside, something truly is going on.

4. What do you think of things like conventions that have supposed "alien abductees" and UFOlogists speaking? Are these worthwhile events to attend in order to find out more, or merely a hoax?

-Spread the word encourages a discerning quest for the truth. Sadly, there is much confusion, propaganda and conflicting information regarding UFOs and alien phenomenon. UFOlogists can rarely even agree between themselves. Adding to this dilemma is the significant amount of the disinformation clouding the facts. It is wise to exercise caution when considering alleged evidence, reports and testimonials, including ours. Carefully assess the information; think about it, absorb it. Use your intuition and find your own truth. Then, most importantly, take and educated stand.

5. Isn't it true that most who are abducted by aliens rarely remember what's happened? If this is so, then how is it that people should try and control the situation (emotions, etc)?

-There are several theories regarding post-abduction amnesia. The psychological explanation includes the mind's protective mechanism of blocking highly traumatic events. It's simply too much for the psyche to contain, thus the victim finds no conscious memories. Others feel the abductees are given screen memories of their experience. They are implanted, you might say, with a recollection of owls or wolves or other strange beasts as if they had simply had an odd lucid dream. Our message to everyone is: The seed of abduction resistance can be planted as well, in advance of and abduction attempt. Having strength in one's countenance already in place is a proven defense. In other words, prepare your spirit for the confrontation. Alien mind control cannot override the strength of the human soul once aligned with righteousness and truth.



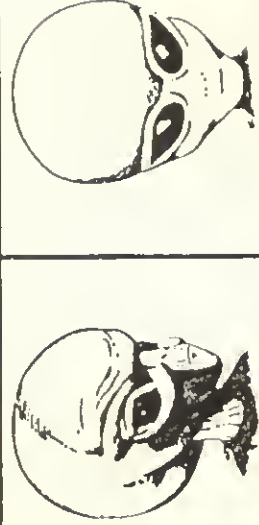
Interview with V2-head of the Spread The Word alien resistance movement

1. First of all, for those who don't know, can you please state what it is, exactly , that your organization stands and strives for?

The Spread the Word resistance movement began as a call for discernment and action against abuses toward humanity practiced by so-called aliens. With abduction reports on the rise, the nature of the abducting entities is becoming more clear. These aliens, more specifically the Grays and their associates, are breaking the laws of both Mankind and God. They kidnap, rape, implants and traumatize men, women and children repeatedly. They have no compassion for emotions or pain. (Interestingly enough, these aliens are mirroring the darkest aspect of human nature; a humbling thought.) Spread the Word has established a voice of resistance through and emblem- the image on our stickers. We are saying NO to both the oppressor and to passive victimhood. Though it may seem that humans are powerless over abductions, highly respected researchers in the field of alien resistance are finding evidence that strength of spirit and righteous anger can successfully abort these kidnappings. People need to know and to believe, saying no works.

2. How did you find yourself starting this organization, and was it hard to get people to help out at first? How large is your organization (home base and abroad)?

-Spread the Word was divinely inspired, There was a need to face the growing fear. People seemed to be passively succumbing to these fears, not knowing they had a choice or voice in the face of the alien presence. When the Resistance first began (summer of 1995), we were stunned by the overwhelming and immediate response. Something about the stickers was resonating> people did not want to be victims. They wanted to know who they were dealing with and not simply offer themselves up as a cowering lesser species to the arrogant deceptive Grays. The Resistance is not represented in every state and every continent (except Antarctica).. The beauty of the emblem is it's understood in every language;a universal symbol. The efforts of many individuals working independently worldwide is a testament to the viability of the message.



Description: Mostly 3 ft. to 8 ft. Tall, Big Black Eyes, Gray and Different Colored Skin.

WANTED FOR:

- Count #1: Speeding at high rate of speed over many countries air space without getting permission
- Count #2: Landing these crafts and abducting people from their homes!
- Count #3: Performing sexual assault and doing medical test on people without their permission!
- Count #4: Leaving people with medical and psychological scars for the rest of their lives!
- Count #5: Rustling cattle and doing medical mutilations and discarding bodies anywhere they want!
- Count #6: For doing wrong on farmers crop lands without permission!

Problem: The people that we las players play, (government and some high military persons) have known this for a long time and have covered up these facts which is not what we pay them for, but to let us know of this problem. Since the FBI go after other crimes of this magnitude why not these crimes. They have forgotten that this country is for the people and by the people!

The Specials listener who was a confederate

Weird things happen in everyone's lives, but for some reason they tend to happen a lot in mine. A couple of weeks ago I was walking down the street on my merry way home from work. Just minding my own damn business, when along comes this olive green pickup truck (that's what made me notice it). As the truck is going past, I look at the driver who appears to be a deranged lunatic from hell, and realize he's staring right at me. Things like this happen all of the time, so I didn't really think anything of it.

A matter of seconds later I hear brakes squeal right behind me. Of course this made me jump ten feet in the air and pee in my pants in the process. I swivel around as fast as possible and see the deranged lunatic driver of the olive green pickup running towards me. For some reason (I still have no clue why) I stood still. Everything seemed to move in slow motion. He came towards me; fists raised, screaming like a dog about to die. Everything continues to go in slow motion until his fist connect with my ribs. At this point I'm thinking to myself "This guy's a complete fucking nut."

"Why were you staring at me!?" the guy yells into my face. His breath smells like cigars and stall liqueur (the most horrible combination of breath in the world). Fro some reason in hell all i can say between gasping for breathes is "Uh..I was..". "Yeh you were you little fuck!" he's screaming now, holding me by my shirt. All that comes to my mind is "This guy is going to kill me, he's going to take my head and relieve me of the pain of carrying it on my neck."

"You better start learning that you can't stare at people. Somebody needs to give you a lesson." All I can think of is "Oh fuck I'm a dead man."

Just as suddenly as he got so pissed, he calmed down and looked at me with this really weird expression. He then asked "Hey, do you listen to the Specials?" I couldn't believe this. "Uh...yea." says I, and then it dawned on me that he was referring to the pin from my backpack. "I used to listen to the Specials when I was in high school. I didn't think there were any rudies left?" "Yeah, uh, there are quite a few." I answered. "Well I'll make a deal with you." says he "You give me that pin and I'll spare ya." "Sure, here" I took the pin off my pack and kind of threw it at him. I then started walking very quickly towards my house.

As he drove away yelling "I've never seen a rude boy shy away from a fight you fucking pansy!", I looked at his back window, and sitting there in it was a confederate flag. While I walked the rest of the way home I couldn't help but think about the dumb ass confederate ex



boy lunatic and saying to myself "If I ever end up like that, I hope someone puts a bullet in my head."

If you think your life sucks try mine -Kyle

Freestyle Walking

One of my jobs this summer is T.A-ing a PASCAL class at a camp for smart and rich junior-high kids. Today I had lunch with a counselor for the program, and we started talking about the sports in the Olympics and how "exciting" swimming is. And how "neato" the exhibition events are: 8-person synchronized swimming, and synchronized diving. (A fun fact to impress the chicks: Hitler introduced bowling as an exhibition sport in the 1936 Berlin Olympics.) I started talking about the inevitable appearance of synchronized white water kayaking, and then synchronized synchronized swimming (2 teams in two pools) when she shoots back,

"and then there's the whole thing with freestyle walking."

This struck me as even more insane than my suggestions. A picture ran through my head of a bunch of people just walking around in a circle, with flashy clothes and big smiles, and some jumpy classical music in the background, and then a bunch of judges scrutinizing their every step. Then she dropped (as the kids like to say) da bomb on me: not only is this freestyle walking thing not a joke, its prominence is exploding in the young hipster set! MTV recently did an extreme sports show on it. It's usually described and performed as

"skateboarding without the skateboard".

You can forget about me following the rigid confines of normal walking, mom. I don't abide by society's definition of what walking is all about, Officer Tom. I'm _freestyling_ it today, and I'm as free as a bird! This is the most amazing thing I've ever heard. It's like bottled water all over again. Take something bland and immediately abundant, give it some new packaging and style, and it becomes the latest buzzword that everyone's talking about at the water cooler (read: drinking fountain). I think more than anything, the freestyle walking trend is an omen for bottled, commercial air. Or Sunlight™. Synchronized stir-frying.

So it turns out that the kids in this summer program for which I'm T.A-ing are champions of this brave new aerobic form of self-expression. On their field trips into town, the counselors (The Man) have been suppressing their rights to freestyle. The students are putting together a petition -- a formal statement of disapproval -- through which they will lobby the Center for Talent and Development administration against this injustice. You can bet that first chance I get, I'll be picketing the administration buildings alongside my fellow concerned citizens, with my "walking is not a crime" sign in hand. And you can bet I'll be freestyle picketing to boot,

Make that _synchronized_ freestyle picketing.
May God be on our side throughout this crusade.
-Mark B



LIBERATION BEGINS IN YOUR STOMACH

THERE are loads of cheap, tasty and nutritious alternatives to a diet based on the decomposing flesh of dead animals: fresh fruit of all kinds, a huge variety of local & exotic vegetables, cereals, pulses, beans, rice, nuts, whole grain foods, soya drinks etc. All over the country whole food co-operatives are springing up. Now is a really good time for change.

WHO MADE THIS LEAFLET?

THE LONDON GREENPEACE GROUP has existed for many years as an independent group of activists with no involvement in any particular political party. The people - not 'members' - who come to the weekly open meetings share a concern for the oppression in our lives and the destruction of our environment. Many opposition movements are growing in strength - ecological, anti-war, animal liberation, and anarchist-libertarian movements - and continually learning from each other. We encourage people to think and act independently, without leaders, to try to understand the causes of oppression and to aim for its abolition through social revolution. This begins in our own lives, now.



The McInformation Network can be seen as a new form of direct action. They want you to hook up, surf and activate.

McSpotlight can be accessed at:
<http://www.McSpotlight.org/>

Other on-line sources of related information
McLibel Listserver:

To receive all the latest news about the McLibel Trial and Anti-McDonald's campaigns around the world, send Email:

to majordomo@world.std.com
Subject: (not needed)

Message: subscribe mclibel

To contact the McInformation Network

Email: info@mcspotlight.org

Postal Address: PO Box 10792, London, N10 3PQ, UK

This means the constant slaughter, day by day, of animals born and bred solely to be turned into McDonald's products. Some of them - especially chickens and pigs - spend their lives in the entirely artificial conditions of huge factory farms, with no access to air or sunshine and no freedom of movement. Their deaths are bloody and barbaric. In the slaughterhouse, animals often struggle to escape. Cattle become frantic as they watch the animal before them in the killing-line being prodded, beaten, electrocuted, and knifed.

WHAT'S YOUR POISON?

MEAT is responsible for 70% of all food-poisoning incidents, with chicken and minced meat (as used in burgers) being the worst offenders. When animals are slaughtered, meat can be contaminated with gut contents, feces and urine, leading to bacterial infection. In an attempt to counteract infection in their animals, farmers routinely inject them with doses of antibiotics. These, in addition to growth-promoting hormone drugs and pesticide residues in their feed, build up in the animals' tissues and can further damage the health of people on a meat-based diet.

WHAT CAN BE DONE

STOP using McDonald's, Wimpy, etc., and tell your friends exactly why. These companies' huge profits - and therefore power to exploit - come from people just walking in off the street. It does make a difference what individuals do. Why wait for everyone else to wake up?

YOUR INFLUENCE COUNTS

* Research has shown that a large proportion of people who use fast-food places do so because they are there not because they particularly like the food or feel hungry. This fact alone suggests that hamburgers are part of a giant con that people would avoid if they knew what to do. Unfortunately we tend to undervalue our personal responsibility and influence. This is wrong. All change in society starts from individuals taking the time to think about the way they live and acting on their belief. Movements are just ordinary people' linking together, one by one..

KICKING the burger habit is easy. And it's the best way to start giving up meat altogether. Vegetarianism is no longer just a middle-class fad: last year the number of vegetarians in Britain increased by one-third. Most supermarkets now stock vegetarian produce, and vegans - who eat no animal products at all - are also being catered for. In short, the 'cranky' vegetarian label is being chucked out, along with all the other old myths about 'rabbit food'. Why not try some vegan or vegetarian recipes, just as an experiment to start with? When asked in a survey, most vegetarians who used to eat meat said they had far more varied meals after they dropped meat from their diet. Another survey showed that people on a meatless diet were healthier than meat-eaters, less prone to 'catch' coughs and colds, and with greatly reduced risk of suffering from hernia, piles, obesity and heart disease.

Ronald McDonald®

an interesting conspiracy..... CAMDEN DAILY

Hold on boys and girls. your most beloved roving reporter has uncovered yet another evil government plot, and, now hold on to your hats, it has probably already affected you. as we all know, Armageddon will occur in just a scant 3 years now, and our government is taking no chances on this one. recently, a small bill was passed through congress and the president has redefined Medicaid terms and benefits and how these relate to welfare. what the press failed to pick up on was the fact that senator Jesse Helms lacked a small but vitally important clause to this bill. the clause was one that, in fact, violates very nearly every right granted to us in the Bill of rights, and still it went through.

first, a little history must be presented.

as the bible and Nostradamus both have stated, the year 2000 AD is quite definitely the time when the antichrist shall make his presence known, wiping out mass quantities of the heretical population with his four horsemen; pestilence, famine, war and death. few will survive, and these will only be the most holy, the most righteous, our government has plenty to fear. it is widely known (at least in foreign lands) that Americans are by far the most sick, barbaric, and sinful wretches ever to walk the face of the earth. if we were all to be slain, what should become of our country? and so in a twisted and demented logic capable only of our bipartisan bureaucratic congress, our government has decided that, when this time comes, the united states must have a large number of kind and Christian souls present so that we can provide a large enough tax base to pay the congressional salaries.

how does this relate to you you say?

well, now, due to senator Helms' clause, the government has begun logging all visits to a list of "morally offensive" internet sites; that's right. if you've ever visited a pornographic web page, or a page about anarchy, socialism, or even a page from another country, your name is on their list. then, in the near future, the government plans to round up all the "social deviants" and send them into large institutions to be "reformed." much like poor Alex from clockwork orange, they will unleash their droves of scientists and government-funding-craving psychologists to beat a moral code into each and every one of you, in preparation for the final day.

when will this time come? no one is quite sure yet. congress is still trying to misappropriate funds to this research, and are still in the process of divvying up all of the land in the united states between themselves.

but what can we do to stop them? well, i think there is little choice. we must write our senators and congressmen and let them know how we feel about this. i have prepared a small form letter below:

Dear (insert their name here),

Fuck you you sick mother fucker! You're not gonna get your god damn fat cat paws on me no fo! I'm proud to be sick, I'm proud to be demented, that's my RIGHT as stated by the Bill of Rights! I don't want to be made morally correct, I LIKE being sinful! Just try to come and get me! I'm a proud member of the NRA and I got a whole shitload of friends that will fuck you up!

Sincerely,

(insert your name here)

We must rise up and act my brothers and sisters. our time on this earth is short enough as is, and i for one would not like to spend the rest of my three years here being poked and psychohabbled into moral perfection!



Journal

a lot of people are lacking a basic understanding of what punk is about. With an *MOJO* turnover every year that's not surprising. And it is no surprise. Punk has been with a Kamacaze album, clutched in their baby fingers. In any case, it is time to redistribute the Punk. I haven't first written in 1984 and periodically revised since then. Of course it is not Gospel, just one essay. By one of the original 1777 punks (which a lot of punks have found helpful in explaining things to their friends). So feel free to reproduce it.

Punk has often been called the "cutting edge" of modern rock & roll. It has clearly been the most fully developed subculture of youth rock music in America since the late 1970s.

Punk is really a state of mind, an attitude, a world-view. It is from the earliest sense of the word "punk" as "a young outlaw, a juvenile delinquent, a young hooligan or troublemaker" that this term came to be applied to a musical genre, starting in New York at the end of 1975 and spreading around the world since then. But the history of punk includes much more than music: there have also been punk art, punk film, punk video, punk comics, punk athletics, punk fashion, punk politics, and even punk celebrities.

Punk Rock

Musically, punk tends to be fast, loud, raw, and extremely energetic, simply structured, at its best when performed live, and typically featuring bands with a singer, one or two guitarists, a bassist, and a drummer. However, there are many variants, so this description and exceptions are not uncommon. Lyrics tend to be very important though they often cannot be deciphered without a text. Places to perform are small clubs, rented halls, private parties, and occasionally theaters; all ages shows are common; featuring three to six bands but the duration

Punk rock is divided into several sub genres, L.A.B.C.G.B.L. dominated through the 1980s. American origin, extremely fast and accompanied by slam dancing, with lyrics often shouted. (T.A.S.S.H. 'A', more melodic origin, but now widespread in America, melodic and featuring classical chanting. (T.H.E.A.S.I.L. S.T.I.C.K.S. 'C.O.R.E. 'W. definite influences from heavy metal and growing locally. A.R.T. I.N.D. 'S.T.R.A. 'N.G.E.S. experimental and direct and others. (A.N.N.Y. P.I.C.K.S. humorous or satirical bands, was once common but is now harder to find

The "classical" park dance is the *kyōto*, characterized by jumping up and down to the beat. Popularized through SEIYANXI, a much-misunderstood phenomenon perhaps described as a mixture of football, circular folk dancing, soft whirling dervishes, drunken bowling, spinning, amusement park bumper cars, and going over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

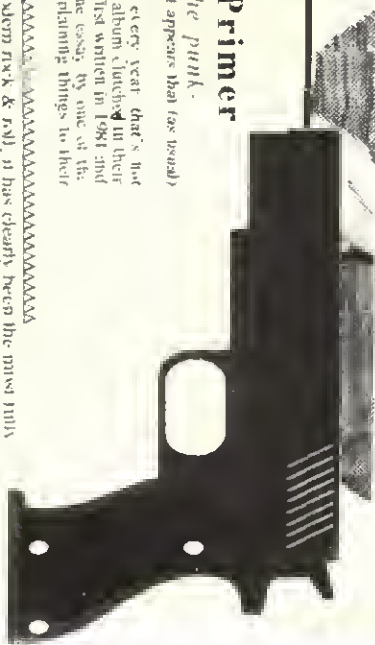
It has since been picked up by other musical genres. Daring headbust from the stage into the mass of tightly-packed bodies, STAGE-DIVING, is usually part of it. Not for the faint of heart, but undeniably exhilarating, the wildest, freest form of dancing in America. The ignorant misuse it as an excuse to fight, but anyone falls down, everyone around him jumps and helps him back up. Stage-diving is a true "keep of faith" and being caught is to know what community support is. You have to see it to believe it.

Punk is basically grass-roots, minimalist and anti-ethic. "Anyone can play to a punk band." Bands produce cassettes, records, and C.D.s, selling them by themselves or locally or through small independent record companies and distributors. Some go on to "major label" companies (in which most punks consider "selling out" and no longer punk), but punk is generally set against the commercial music business and commercial radio with its homogenized corporate bands, avoidance of controversy, and lowest-common-denominator values.

Punk already has a considerable history. It arose at New York City's small but legendary club CBGB's, at the end of 1975, spread to England and California in 1976, to Canada, Australia and other parts of America in 1977, and grew internationally in the 1980s until it is now found all over Europe, South America, Japan and many other countries. Many of its values and features have diffused into other musical genres, from synthesizer electro-pop to rap, and many bands with punk roots have attained worldwide fame.

Punk Subculture

Dismissing commercial media, American punk has developed its own totally uncensored media network, featuring university radio stations and many hundreds of non-commercial publications. PT NEZ/NI'S These range, in circulation from a handful to nearly 20,000 (with a much higher readership due to press-ups), most are locally oriented but some are national or international. They rely on unpaid fan-as-staff. "Do it yourself" is a punk slogan, everyone with something to say is encouraged to express himself and put out music or if zine, even if it is hand-written and photocopied. Zines tend to include cartoons, photos of bands, drawings, collages, politics, articles, critical of society, gossip and news as well as music reviews, interviews and "scene reports"; some are literary as well as many carry poetry and editorials. A growing number of punk books have also been published in recent years, the punk movement has also been growing on the internet.



McDonald's and Burger King are two of the many US corporations using lethal poisons to destroy vast areas of Central American rainforest to create grazing pastures for cattle to be sent back to the States as burgers and pet food, and to provide fast-food packaging materials. (Don't be fooled by McDonald's saying they use recycled paper: only a tiny per cent of it is. The truth is it takes 800 square miles of forest just to keep them supplied with paper for one year. Tons of this end up littering the cities of 'developed' countries.) Not only are McDonald's and many other corporations contributing to a major ecological catastrophe, they are forcing the tribal peoples in the rainforests off their ancestral territories where they have lived peacefully, without damaging their environment, for thousands of years. This is a typical example of the arrogance and viciousness of multinational companies in their endless search for more and more profit.

It's no exaggeration to say that when you bite into a Big Mac, you're helping the McDonald's empire to wreck this planet.

McDONALD's try to show in their "Nutrition Guide" (which is full of impressive-looking but really quite irrelevant facts & figures) that mass-produced hamburgers, chips, colas, milkshakes, etc., are a useful and nutritious part of any diet. What they don't make clear is that a diet high in fat, sugar, animal products and salt (sodium), and low in fiber, vitamins and minerals

GETTING THE CHEMISTRY RIGHT

McDonald's striped staff uniforms, flashy lighting, bright plastic decor, "Happy Hats" and muzak, are all part of the gimmicky dressing-up of low-quality food which has been designed down to the last detail to look and feel and taste exactly the same in any outlet anywhere in the world. To achieve this artificial conformity, McDonald's require that their "fresh lettuce leaf", for example, is treated with twelve different chemicals just to keep it the right colour at the right crispness for the right length of time. It might as well be a bit of plastic. As if to compensate for the inadequacy of their products, McDonald's promote the consumption of meals as a 'fun event'. This turns the act of eating into a performance, with the 'glamour' of being in a McDonald's ('Just like it is in the ads!') reducing the food itself to the status of a prop. Not a lot of children are interested in nutrition, and even if they were, all the gimmicks and routines with paper hats and straws and balloons hide the fact that the food they're seduced into eating is at best mediocre, at worst poisonous - and their parents know it's not even cheap.

RONALD'S DIRTY SECRET

ONCE told the grim story about how hamburgers are made, children are far less ready to join in Ronald McDonald's perverse antics. With the right prompting, a child's imagination can easily turn a clown into a bogeyman (a lot of children are very suspicious of clowns anyway). Children love a secret, and Ronald's is especially disgusting. In what way are McDonald's responsible for torture and murder? THE menu at McDonald's is based on meat. They sell millions of burgers every day in 35 countries throughout the world.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH McDONALD'S?

In 1990 McDonald's sued Helen Steel and Dave Morris, two activists involved with London Greenpeace, for allegedly producing a factsheet entitled "What's Wrong with McDonald's" which criticized almost all aspects of the company's policies and practices. McLibel is now the longest civil trial in British history, and has stimulated worldwide publicity and protests. As no legal aid is available in libel cases, they are defending themselves funded entirely by donations from the public. The McLibel Support Campaign was set up to back up the defendants. We're all subject to the pressures of stupid advertising, consumerism hype and the fast pace of big city life - but it doesn't take any special intelligence to start asking questions about McDonald's and to realize that something is seriously wrong.

McDonald's is one of several giant corporations with investments in vast tracts of land in poor countries, sold to them by the dollar-hungry rulers (often military) and privileged elites, evicting the small farmers that live there growing food for their own people. The power of the US dollar means that in order to buy technology and manufactured goods, poor countries are trapped into producing more and more food for export to the States. Out of 40 of the world's poorest countries, 36 export food to the USA - the wealthiest.

Some 'Third World' countries, where most children are undernourished, are actually exporting their staple crops as animal feed - i.e. to fatten cattle for turning into burgers in the 'First World'. Millions of acres of the best farmland in poor countries are being used for our benefit - for tea, coffee, tobacco, etc. - while people there are starving. McDonald's is directly involved in this economic imperialism, which keeps most black people poor and hungry while many whites grow fatter

GROSS MISUSE OF RESOURCES

GRAIN is fed to cattle in South American countries to produce the meat in McDonald's hamburgers. Cattle consume 10 times the amount of grain and soy that humans do: one calorie of beef demands ten calories of grain. Of the 145 million tons of grain and so fed to livestock, only 21 million tons of meat and by-products are used. The waste is 124 million tons per year at a value of 20 billion US dollars. It has been calculated that this sum would feed clothed and housed the world's entire population for one year.

FIFTY ACRES EVERY MINUTE

EVERY year an area of rainforest the size of Britain is cut down or defoliated, and burnt. Globally, one billion people depend on water flowing from these forests, which soak up rain and release it gradually. The disaster in Ethiopia and Sudan is at least partly due to uncontrolled deforestation. In Amazonia - where there are now about 100,000 beef ranches - torrential rains sweep down through the treeless valleys, eroding the land and washing away the soil. The bare earth, baked by the tropical sun, becomes useless for agriculture. It has been estimated that this destruction causes at least one species of animal, plant or insect to become extinct every few hours.

Punk fashion, such as it is (and many punks are anti-fashion) is characterized by the color black, leather jackets, studs, chains, heavy work boots, and short or unusual (such as mohawk, spiked, and skullhead) haircuts. Sometimes the hair is dyed unusual colors. Band stickers and punk logos distinguish punk leather jackets from those of other subcultures. Appearances, however, are diverse, not uniform, clothes do not make a punk.

As a subculture, punk vibrates around a fascinating, creative, dynamic tension between the values of community and of individualism. It is a society of non-conformists, encouraged to "Think for yourself" but support each other. It is a very colorful collection of alienated youths (and some longer in a body) with often conflicting viewpoints, struggling to strengthen their common bonds and preserve their differences at the same time. Punk is relentlessly realistic, yet idealistic to the bone. It is a home for self-chosen misfits and other social outcasts, which must constantly deal with the few who would abuse its great freedom. The transmitters of punk's ethos (its perspective, values, attitudes, customs, traditions) must constantly struggle to educate the successive waves of newcomers, many attracted by sensational accounts in the mass media, others crossoverers from heavy metal, to its own radically different values.

Whether or a new trend sweeps through the punk scene, punk's own rebel resistance to all forms of homogenization immediately stimulates and opposition to the trend, thus diversity is preserved. Some of the major currents in the subculture at this time are anarchist politics, skateboarding, vegetarianism, alcohol, psychedelics, "straight edge" opposition to the preceding two, squatting, animal rights, feminism, anti-racism, and internationalism.

The Punk Ethos.

What is punk ethos? There is great variation, of course and perhaps no single punk matches the pure archetype, but in general punk seems to have these characteristics:

It is passionate, preferring to encounter hostility rather than complacent indifference; working class in style and attitude if not in actual socioeconomic background defiant, unconventional, bizarre, shocking, starkly realistic, anti-euphemism, anti-hypocrisy, anti-bullshit, anti-establishment, happy to rub people's noses in realities they don't wish to acknowledge, angry, aggressive, confrontational, tough, willing to fight yet this stance is derived from and underlying vulnerability. For the archetypal punk is young, small, poor, and powerless, and he knows it very well, skeptical, especially of authority, romance, business, school, the mass media, promises, and the future, socially critical, politically aware, pro-outlaw, anarchistic, anti-military, expressive of feelings which police society would censor out, anti-heroic, anti-"rock star" ("Every musician a fan and every fan a band"), disdainful of respectability and careerism, night-oriented, with a strong, ironic, satirical (often self-satirical), put-on-living sense of humor, which is its saving grace, stressing intelligent thinking and denuding stupidity, frankly sexual, frequently obscene, apparently devoted to machismo, yet welcoming bisexual, gay, and sexual experimentation are often as defiant of the males as of anyone else) and welcoming bisexuals, gays, and sexual experimentation generally; hostile to established religions but sometimes deeply spiritual; disorganized and spontaneous, but highly energetic; above all, it is honest.

"Punks hang out wherever they're not thrown out." We love to criticize each other, but stick together in the face of common hostility from the rest of the world. Being punk is an adventure. Punks are outcasts by choice by habit, or by necessity, being sick of the real values of the social order. We are contemptuous of a majority which punks criticize as manipulated by the mass media, unthinking, unware, sleepwalking through life, conformist, fashion-controlled sheep who are being led to subtle economic slavery and martial slaughter.

Punks may not be able to change the world, but we are dedicated to creating and island of freedom, a community of dissent and expert ventilation, and we are determined not to go down with out sinking civilization without a hail of protest and an angry fist-shaking and hurling curses at the inhumane gods above.

Now available through HITMan Publishing.

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Skansaz - Issue 2

This zine is done by the young Matty Rude. As you can probably tell from the title it is a little ska zine based out of Kansas that has gone under since issue two. You can now find it on the web. Interviews with tons of bands, an entertaining activity page, and an article by Brandon from DDK.

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TELL ME NOW VIA: LENEXA, KS 66210



This is a quote by Aristotle from his *Metaphysics*. The following is the translation by the late 19th century philosopher William Mitchell:

[illegible]

Now I would like to speak for a few minutes to present to you our understanding of the situation that we face out there. And I want to keep it short and leave the maximum amount of time for questions and answers, cause I know from experience that there is no way to cover the entire scheme of things and some how or another I'm going to have to rely upon your questions in order to direct the discussion where it needs to go. But I'm sure all of you would agree on one thing: that we're living uncertain and very scary world. Some 35% of the work force in America say that they're worried about losing their jobs. Some 28% of the work force say that they're falling behind. They're working every day and they're steadily falling behind. So 63% of the work force, who have some time or another been laid off, say that they're very angry with both of the political parties. People of America are confused and becoming more confused. They are angry and they are becoming more angry. And this is a very dangerous combination. The media has done its share to add to this confusion and this alarm. Television, the newspapers, are full of reports of armed militias of terrorist bombings, of drive-by shootings. The media would have you think that the world's going to hell in a hand basket for no reason at all. Well, its not true. There are reasons. And I want to discuss these reasons with you, and look at the world regardless that it is certain and scary only to the extent that it is not understood. Now, this is election year. And the politicians are out carving on their little dog and

going shows. And why to entertain us into voting or them? I was reading a little story about Julius Caesar a couple of days ago and how the Romans won elections by putting on games, night by holding circuses, by entertaining the population. Well our politicians must have studied the book pretty well. We do not with the program, they only go with what sometimes might pass as entertainment. They joke with us, they joke about them 20 or 25 years hindsight. And I think that the real jobbers are those who attempt to have foresight without any hindsight whatsoever. So I want to a little bit and start off with the question of hindsight. Start off with where we are coming from. And I can't go back any more than 60-odd years when I first started working. But I remember 1930, I remember it very well, 1939 when I went up to get my first job. I walked up to the foreman on that job and I asked him "Mr. do you need a hand?" Now, you wouldn't even think in those terms today. Do you need a hand? What do you need a hand for? But when I went to work, almost all the work at that time was what we describe now as common labor jobs. There were box cars to be unloaded. There were trucks to load and unload there were mountains of material to move around, there were tons of commodities to stack, label and ship, and this labor-intensive work was poorly paid, the wages were low, but there was work to be done. This labor-intensive production determined the social and economic relations that we call a society. That you have, let's say, a farming economy, then you're going to have a society that conforms to the farmer. If you have the majority of your people involved in common, everyday, unskilled labor, then you are inevitably going to come up with a society and a set of social relations that reflect that kind of labor. So an unskilled contract employee out of this kind of a world. That contract was that the worker must sell his ability to work and was paid for the necessities of his life. The capitalist was paid for the productive labor and must sell that production back to the worker. The buyer must be a seller and the seller must be a buyer. The contract was unevenly and unfairly backed up by laws

Such men as criminalize poor persons who did not have a job. I can tell you from various experiences about the vignettes that I had just collected here: ten dollars in your pocket and you're able to prove you have a job, or else you are going to jail. I mean it was a crime not to have a job and not to have any money. Now, when you went to jail you went on to a chain gang where you either worked the highways or worked on a farm. Or you went to the county farm or you went to the poor farm. And the idea was that if you didn't have a job they'd put you to work. And when they got through with you would get any job at any wage; anywhere, rather than go back on that county farm or go back on that chain gang or go back to that poor farm. Now that was the way they enforced that side of the contract.

profit is the heart of capitalism. And this profit was realized within the constant buying and selling that took place. Selling your labor power on the one hand, buying commodities on the other. From the capitalists' point of view buying the labor power and selling commodities, this constant selling and buying was the context within which there was probably realized. And the minute that that stopped the profit stopped. So therefore you had to work, and you had to buy what they produced. And you had to sell your labor power and you had to purchase from them. So they were able to get this profit from the simple fact that labor produces more than it itself is worth. So as long as they could make a person work they were guaranteed they were going to have a profit. No part of the production had to be the workers and part of it represented profit. So its obvious that the less they made in wages the greater was the profit. Now the surest way to increase profit was to lower the wage of the worker by increasing production by labor-saving machinery. Although the depression years that's where labor-saving devices really got started. And they became an obsession after World War II. Because after World War II every major nation was devastated. Britain, France, Germany, Russia, all of them were devastated. United States had the opportunity to grab the entire world market to itself, but to do so they had to become a lot more productive than what they were. Therefore everything, every intellectual resource was bent towards the development of labor-saving and labor-assisting machinery. Science was co-opted. There was a time where scientists searched after pure science. Scientists were co-opted and compelled in one way or another on creating and developing labor-saving devices. Too often the universities accepted huge grants that transformed these universities into nothing more than research and development centers. By the early 1970s the American worker surrounded by these marvels now equipment was the most productive worker in the world. Now there's a beginning to everything and an ending to everything. This mind scramble for greater and more efficient machines finally led to the development of the microchip and the semiconductor. And at that point everything changed. With the microchip and the semiconductor all of sudden they found the ability to control the motion of a machine. Work that a worker used to do, this could be done by a computer. It could do all the work that initially hundreds of workers did. This new computerized equipment was no longer a labor saving device. It was a device that replaced the worker. And of course the question was immediately put, why hire a worker a minimum wage when a machine can do the job better and cheaper and you can get the wages and give them to the profit side of the ledger. So all this profit things began to spin out of control.

by TOM TOMORROW

UM, BIFF..EXCUSE ME A
MOMENT..

AND AS FAR AS THE SOURCE OF DRUGS IS CONCERNED--

TES TEL JOBL

W JOE MERCURY NEWS, AUG. 18, 1986...SHEEN AT WORK, merrill

HEY!

WHOMP!

THE FEDERAL RESERVE MAINTAINS A RATE OF ABOUT 8 MILLION JOBLESS AMERICANS

PHIL WITTE

IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, SPARKY... GROAN...

SOMETIMES YOU'VE JUST GOT TO HIT THEM OVER THE HEAD, YOU KNOW?

TOM T. MORROW @ 10-23-96

PO BOX 24764
GOLDENROD, FL
32733-2564

A vertical strip of four logos. From top to bottom: the Fred Perry laurel wreath logo; the Puma cat logo; the Hia Asia logo featuring two cartoon characters; and a vintage microphone logo with the word 'SOUND' written vertically on its side.

[illegible]

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25

LET THE
POSTAL SERVICE
TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE

DANCE

Treatise on Ska:
Just another Jaded Fool

A year ago today all the rudies, puns and skins were bearing up for the last big show of the summer. If I'm not mistaken it was Galt's Panic and the Gadgets, the John C. Holmes Band, and some others. Everybody was psyched up about seeing a good show, dancing the night way, and kickin' it with their homies from all over town. That was a year ago..boy things sure do change fast.

For the past year all the kids who came out and danced and kicked it at that show have been showing up less and less. There are a few friendly faces that I am sure I have not seen once since last summer. This really sucks and I'll tell you why: KC is spoiled. Since July 5th of last year (the first LGB show at the Daily Grind) there has been a huge growth in the ska scene around here. Suddenly there are local bands where once there was none. All the touring acts come here to play: the world famous Grind, hit on the band sluts, and enjoy the thrill of a young, vibrant scene. And gradually, the kids have become over-skaid. It is evident in the jaded looks on faces, in the listless dancing, in the poorly attended shows, and the shit-talking. Like a bunch of Blue Valley Cheerleaders bored and whiny because their brand new Jeep Wranglers just aren't as exciting as they were at the big sweet sixteen party last summer. Maybe I'm an asshole for wanting to relive that party, but it sure beats accepting such a dismal fate as a good scene gone bad.

What many of you don't realize is that shows are not going unattended just because you aren't showing up. Oh no, there are people there to see the band, it's just that rather than it being a crowd made up of rudies, puns and the like, it looks more like frat-boy, jockfest, heard-slammin' kegger. I'm, you'll have to forgive me but TAKE YOUR FUCKING SCENE BACK OR DON'T BITCH WHEN IT GOES MAINSTREAM!!!!!! And as long as I'm upset, WHAT THE HELL IS IT WITH THE SKINS IN THIS TOWN? NEVER SUPPORTING THE LOCAL BANDS BUT THEN SHOWING UP TO THE BIG MOON SHOWS AND ACTING LIKE THEY OWN THE FUCKING PLACE!!!!!! HELLO!!!!!! WITHOUT THE LOCALS TO KEEP THIS SHIT ALIVE, YOU WOULDN'T GET BANDS LIKE THE SCOFFLAWS/PIETASTERS COMING THROUGH THIS PO-DUNK TOWN!!!!

Then most of the skins started angry evel pits, which really could have been kept under control if it weren't for their severe intoxication which led them to fall out and grab others while attempting not to stagger face-first into the floor in a drunken stupor. Through the grapevine, our staff has heard one skin saying "it was so cool how all the skins were there. We had this unity that you rudies could never even imagine!"

(mind you this is not verbatim, just an overview of the text spoken the day after)

Hmm, this makes one think... "boy, i sure wish that I could achieve unity in my scene by excluding and causing bodily harm to others. That would be the coolest. Let's hear it for unity! ya ya ya!"

If you want unity in your scene, don't limit yourself to people who are exactly like you. That isn't cool, that's more like a clique, or in the case-a gang. Unity is when you respect EVERYONE else around you and you unite to do something other than stagger around, scream for no reason, and get wicked hangovers. I hope that a buff Jo Jo and his crew don't beat the tarnation out of me at the next show for this, and i also hope that no one comes out of this thinking "wow, she must have meant that all skinheads are stupid, violent, alcoholics." No no no that's not the point at all. That's not even true. It is not fair to judge a subculture just because their bunch has a few bad apples. I know quite a few respectable skinhead that I like just fine and dandy. Just think about your actions, i suppose. Be fair to everyone else, and know how to hold your goddamn liquor.



rant of the month

As you've heard before in past issues, this is the segment of the publication where I, the editor, get a few things off of my chest about a certain type of people. We plan to cover just about every group possible, therefore leaving me a hermit by issue 10.

today's rant: SKINHEADS

DISCLAIMER: this rant is not in any way, shape, or form trying to dis or generalize the entire skinhead population, just the select few who happen to ruffle my feathers.

I'd say that I've always been somewhat of a advocate for skinheads. Not that I personally could base a whole belief system mainly on pride, camaraderie, aggro and Guinness, but still, you have to respect most of 'em. It's more often than not that they get the short end of the stick.

This month (September) in Kansas City brought a myriad of good shows- one of which being the Selector. The club that they came to, The Daily Grind, is around the size of a wealthy teen's bedroom, and usually assures you a sweaty night with your face pressed against the back of some tall guy because there are so many devoted patrons packed in like sardines. You never really see an overwhelming amount of skinheads at most shows, probably only about 10%, opposed to the 40-80% "rude" population. There's always been the occasional drunk skin or two making a monkey of himself, but y'know, live and let live, etc etc.

Back to the Selector-

surprisingly enough, this show only brought in about 70 people to the Daily Grind. Meaning that the place wasn't even half full and there was plenty of room for all the dance about as they pleased....or so they thought. It was quite noticeable by the end of the opening band that the skinhead population at this show was a overwhelming one; not that anyone deemed this a bad thing, it seemed all the better... that is, until a certain few hairless wonders had a few too many of a few certain beverages. As the bands played, the people danced. The integrated crowd of skins, rudes, your average Joe, etc etc.. it was all working quite nicely. That is, until these certain individuals decided to make the dance floor their own. One in particular (for lack of his real name we'll call him JoJo) decides that he wants to get through to center front of the dance floor. Does he brush by you or even give you a little shove to move on through? Hells no, this boy was full of somethin' and decided to show it by elbowing certain zine editors in the neck quite hostile anytime he decided to clear on through. Then Jo Jo and his pals decide to start what their drunken state allowed as a variety of dance- staggering around the entire place with their arms hooked around eachother's necks. Being that this was not a crowded show night, they would have had plenty of space if they would have stayed in the same, say, TWENTY FOOT RADIUS. But oh no no, they decided to have lots more fun and use as much fancy footwork in as large a space possible, therefore inhibiting the enjoyment of others. Basically the evening went like this- Jo Jo and crew kept leaving and coming back and staggering and falling all about this way and that.

And do you know what happens, when the jocks run a given scene?? MOSH-FEST '96!!! Starring Hepcat, the Scofflaws, and the Bill Wennington Fan Club. Think it can't happen?? Remember these are the same dipshits that mosh to Phish, Blues Traveler and Bjork. They would mosh to Latin Jazz if Tabitha Soren told them to. Bjork for chrissakes!!! How can you slam to Bjork??? nevermind. Where was I? Oh, they will slam and act like total animals at the ska shows, in fact they already have been for a few months now.

I don't care how long you think you've been in the scene, you are a poor excuse for a rudie if you let some jock slam at your ska show.

The following is intended to scare the hell out of you:

"Hey Chip"

"Hey, Dude. Check out these awesome dance moves I learned off this video."

"Yo, what video?"

"I think they were like, Tired of it all, or sick of your shit, or something."

"Yeah"

"Look dude, I'm makin' pizza!"

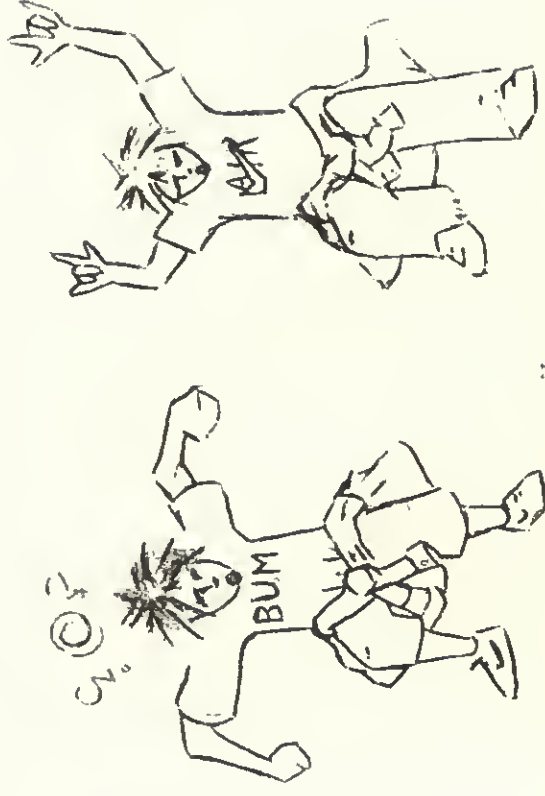
"Yeah dude!"

"Look I'm pickin' up change!!!"

"Yeah, man those are great...like you wanna go to the Stone Temple Pilots concert and try 'em out tonight?"

"No way dude the Gadgets are playing!!!"

"Seriously? Allright!!!"



RED MEAT

Feeling Bacon in the hoodpan

From the secret files of
Max Cannon



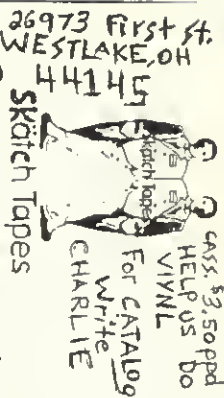
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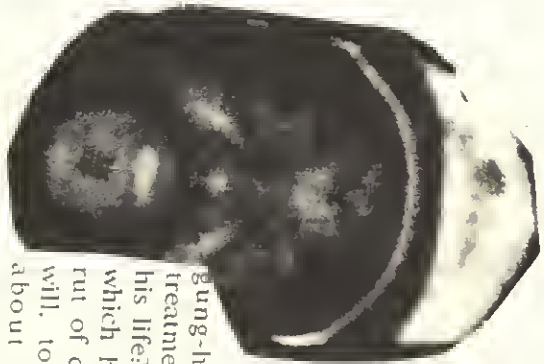
RECIPE OF THE DAY:

Take a
Portobello (?)
mushroom &
chop it up.
Spread some
butter, salt and
pepper on it and
broil it for a bit
until it looks like
a cooked
mushroom. Melt
some cheese
(mozzarella?) on
it and slap that
puppy on a bun.
Good eatin'.
The butter &
cheese may be
substituted w/
vegan products
& still make for a
good sandwich.
CEREAL OF
THE DAY:
FRENCH
TOAST
CRUNCH
ly it!!!!

I Pity The Fool Who Has
Cancer OR, Mr T, 44, is
suffering from severe
depression and disease

Fasten your seat-belts kids,
you are now entering Big Sexy Man-
Land, a.k.a. the house that Mr. T built.
We all know the big lug: from seeing
him kick the bejesus out of Rocky,
kicking the bejesus out of villains on
the A-Team, or kicking the bejesus out
of Paul Reuben's breakfast in Pee
Wee's Big Adventure-this man about
town commands respect, and he gets it.
Boy oh boy does he get it. Nothing can
hurt the man with the plan...or can it?
In recent developments, it has been
found that Mr. T, the hero of all-has a
deadly form of cancer.

Though hard to believe, tis the
truth. But let's get to the beef of it all-
what exactly is it that this guy who
could kick Fabio's ass in a second has
got-Anaplastic Large Cell Lymphoma-
a.k.a. a disease that is more often fatal
than not. There really is no set date as
to when the hulk may leave us, but for
now doctors are saying-"It all depends
how fast the tumor grows and how many
different areas of the body are
invaded." Oh p'shaw, we said-the T-
man is in great shape, he can't die! But
alas, "His age and physical fitness will
have little affect on his survival
chances." In order to fight this disease
(like he's fought everyone else and
their mother). Mr T was originally
given chemo late last year, but became
really anxious "about a recurrence of
cancer" and is now receiving
radiation. These treatments and illness
though, are hurting his spirits. "I'm
worried about him."-Lee Tero (Mr.
T's mother)



What more could our gentle
giant go through, you ask? Well here's
some more water for the kettle- a
couple of squares have filed a lawsuit
claim to have come up with the Mr. T
image. "This is not a good time for
something like this", says his doctors
and psychiatrists-well no shit it's
not a good time; he was so depressed
that he missed numerous court dates
before finally appearing in Cook
County Court in Chicago for a hearing.



Common knowledge and human instinct tells us that Pepsi is in fact the root of all evil and will soon "cover the earth"; but no story so drives this point home than the screenplay written by Jason Brannen (and his friend who's name i forgot....). Untitled as of now, we present you with PART 1 of this gripping tale....

Lucky Vermoort walked into the Coke delivery headquarters. He was a good guy, the president of the Coca-Cola company, thus making him the richest in all of Simsbury; but even the added hoost of Coke money couldn't get Lucky to drink his own company's beverage all of the time. On this particular day, Lucky was sipping away at a refreshing Mountain Dew while chatting with Durham Yatesville, the much older executive vice-president of the Coca-Cola company. As the men were chatting and sipping, they heard a noise by the stairs. The noise being none other than Stan Anjecki, a retired Coke delivery man who had rented out the basement of the headquarters as an apartment. Normally this ruckus would have not been a problem, but on this day, Stan was moved to violently attack Vermoort.

"You ass-hole! What the hell are you talking about?"

"DEW? That's a Pepsi product!"

"Not any more," replied Lucky. "It's been independent ever since...well, you know Stan."

"I don't care! Back in my day, no self-respecting, home-reverent twirps wouldn't touch a Pepsi product."

Stan continued battering Lucky until Durnham stepped in. "Stan, don't worry about it, I'll get rid of all Lucky's Mountain Dew. You gotta understand, he just ~~didn't~~ know," he said pushing Stan back down the stairs. After a few moments of silence, Lucky asked

Simbsbury was once a beautiful country. It had more than half its border on the waterfront territory facing Lake Riviera, with many profitable ports on its shore. Simbsbury was divided into 3 regions. Each of these regions had several noticeable qualities. These regions were originally divided up based on the landholdings of major lords back in the day, but now, the biggest difference between the regions was the beverages that they drank. To the southeast, a small portion, the industrialized area, drank Pepsi. It was known as a working man's drink, and no person with any taste would touch the stuff. To the West, Coke ruled supreme. This was the area where all the aristocracy, government, and white collar work took place. To live in West Simbsbury meant that you were an important person. To the Northeast, there was the tourism part. No doubt the prettiest section of Simbsbury, it was more or less controlled by Moxie, who had made their drink so loved that they had the biggest amusement part in Simbsbury, appropriately called Moxie-land. This worked well for many years, but Pepsi was not content as being a 3rd class drink. He worked diligently

[illegible]

The night before the moment of truth, Stan was in Northeast Simsbury with Butch, sitting at a little pub, Stan drinking his rum and Coke while Butch nursed his Movie and Southern Comfort. Stan shared with Butch his overwhelming feelings of love and of his plans to ask her to be the one. Butch told him of a lovely spot to go, along the banks of the Riveria where they would be at peace to talk and solidify their relationship forever.

After a restless night, Stan picked up his bride-to-be and took her to the spot by which he wished to look their futures. He looked into her eyes, and watched her lips as she talked. So dumbfounded by Fran's beauty was he that Stan could not hear what she was saying. They ran through the woods together, him in his nicest pair of trousers and a white shirt, her in a long flowing flowered dress. A more beautiful couple was never seen. He sat her down on the bank of the lake, and said, "Fran, I love you, I will always love you. Will you please...please love me too?"

"Then will you marry me?"

"Then will you marry me?"

Stan pulled out a ring, the diamond sparkled in the sun, and the look on Fran's face showed her approval. Right as he was putting it on her hand, they heard a noise. The noise of gunshots.

No big deal they thought, just a hunter, which is normally not allowed in northeast Simsbury, but the two were in such good spirits that they would not tell anyone. But then they noticed the difference...this was not a mere hunter. They saw the large armored vehicle with a Pepsi logo on it. They saw the soldiers in Pepsi uniform. They heard the marching, wrecking the land side. The Pepsi crew was attacking Northeast Simsbury. This was unheard of that a country should attack itself, but then again, it was those uncultured southerners involved in the attack, but still, northeast Simsbury had no protection...for it was Pepsi land which had all the industrialization, thus all the weaponry. This was horrible. And as they watched the Pepsi artillery march by, they were upset. But it was okay, because they had each other. The Pepsi troop passed them by soon, and did not take notice until the last soldier, running behind the rest looked their way, and with spite and jealousy in his eyes, shot Fran. She fell. Fran was dead.

And Stan was mad...



"I want to
take this
little girl
to the movies
so I can
pick her
seat - her
her fuck
- Spunk 2007/04/24

